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The Miller and his Men.

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THE

MILLER AND HIS MEN

A Burlesque Mealy-drama

IN ONE ACT

BY

FRANCIS TALFOURD

AND

HENRY J. BYRON.

[MEMBERS OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.]

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND,
(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)
LONDON.

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FROM
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First Performed at the ROYAL STRAND THEATRE, under the Management of Miss SWANBOROUGH, On Easter Monday, April 9, 1860,

An entirely NEW BURLESQUE MEALY-DRAMA, entitled

MILLER AND HIS MEN!

By FRANCIS TALFOURD and HENRY J. BYRON.

The Scenery by Messrs. ALBERT CALLCOTT and W. BROADFOOT. The Overture and incidental Songs Composed, Selected, and Arranged, and the original melodramatic Music of Sir HENRY BISHOP, partly adapted by Mr. FERDINAND WALLERSTEIN. The Elegant Costumes by Mr. S. MAY, Mrs. RICHARDSON, and Assistants. The Properties by Mr. SCARBORO', &c. Machinist, Mr. SQUIRES. Perruquier, Mr. CLARKSON. The Ballet invented and Arranged by Miss ROSINA WRIGHT. The Piece produced under the direction of Mr. W. H. SWANBOROUGH and Mr. C. MELVILLE.

GRINDOFF, { (the Miller—and leader of a very brass band of most unpopular performers, with a thorough base accompaniment of at least 50 vices) } Miss C. SAUNDERS.

KELMAR, { (an oppressively virtuous elderly cottager, who has seen better days, and knows how *fine-night* all such things are) } Mr. JAMES BLAND.

COUNT FREDERICK FRIBERG, { (a young gentleman with a passion for adventure, returned from travel —who, having just arrived at man's estate, comes back to his own) } Miss MARIA SIMPSON.

KARL (an English tiger, from the wild jungles of Belgravia) Miss MARIE WILTON.

LOTHAIR, (a young peasant—very bitter upon Grindoff, but remarkably sweet upon Claudine) Mr. J CLARKE.

RIBER, GOLOTZ, ZINGRA, (ruffians of the blackest order and deepest stage dye) Messrs. H. J. TURNER, POYNTER & IRVING.

CLAUDINE, (the belle of the village—as need not be told—being cast for) Miss BUFTON.

RAVINA, (the Neglected One) Mr. JAMES ROGERS.

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EXTERIOR OF KELMAR'S COTTAGE,

(With Distant View of the Mill,) A. CALLCOTT.

Love's young Dream, not Young's Night Thoughts—the Parent wide awake—Lothair—the Accusation—the Resolve—the hand of friendship—how Grindoff endeavours to drill Lothair's rival corse, and how he fails at the "present"—how the Count gets *exstreamly* wet, and how Karl conducts himself with the affability peculiar to those who expect to *'ave-a-bill-at-tea* to pay, with the ability to pay it—the Dagger and the Sheats!—how the leader of the band makes an insane effort to compose himself.

THE QUALM! THE QUESTION! THE QUARTETTE!

The Depth of the Forest.

Lothair, clever anywhere, is particularly deep in the Wood—and how, in his despair, he gives himself up, as many in the situation have, to two ardent spirits—how his eyes are bandaged—and how his companions fail to see through him, although they pull up the blind.

GRAND PAS DE MYSTIFICATION!

CAVERN BENEATH THE MILL!

The carousal—the Neglected One!—the Young Recruit—"Welcome, little stranger"—The Stratagem.

THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

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N.B.—Five Minutes allowed for Refreshment, in the form of a light

BALLET ENTERTAINMENT,

Illustrative of a ROBBER'S REVEL, invented and arranged by

MISS ROSINA WRIGHT,

In which she will appear, supported by the Ladies of the Corps de Ballet. The Music composed by Mr. Ferdinand Wallerstein, and published by Metzler and Co.

INTERIOR OF KELMAR'S COTTAGE.

(VERY EARLY MORNING.)

A Maiden's Meditations fancy free—Tremendous double entry, not on the credit side of Kelmar's good books—the balance of doubt struck by the guilty partners, and *a-Count* nearly closed between them—Grindoff publishes the ground plan on which he builds his hopes—and shows his keen appreciation of high art by his medi-*evil* designs.

RIBER! REMORSE! RETRIBUTION!

Grindoff enters to a cue said, and is *a-ccu-sed* himself.

THE SHEATH! THE SUBTERFUGE! THE SUSPICION!

The House adjourns with the Count out.

THE CRY! THE CRISIS! THE CRIMINAL!

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THE WOLF'S LAIR.

W. Broadfoot.

Also the layer of the train—the Snooze, the Ruse, and the Fuse!—How Grindoff draws a high prize, and how Ravina looks blank at her own *lot-awry!*—Solo on the base vial by Ravina.

REVENGE! REPENTANCE! AND RECOGNITION!

RIBER'S HOUSE—THE FLASK.

Lothair appears a host in himself—Solicitude of Kelmar—the Lost Child—the Miller, unmasked, determined to strike out a new line, and throws down his broad guage as a commencement—the Wolf and the Tiger—Obtrusive, but, it is hoped, not unwelcome appearance of an old friend.

THE MILL!

Also the Fight—how Count Frederick appears, and Claudine's sinking hopes are raised by that *free-derrick*—how Ravina first manages to catch her laid train, and how the train of events carries us to the Grand Terminus

UP IN THE AIR,

As imagined and depicted by Mr. A. Callcott, where, all differences being adjusted, the Piece, and, it is hoped, the audience, will arrrive at a

SATISFACTORY CONCLUSION.

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THE

MILLER AND HIS MEN.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Banks of a River—sunset.—Windmill at work in the distance,* L. C.—*Cottage in front,* R.—MILLERS *in perspective, with sacks, descend from the mill—small boats then issue from a cavern and pass off to* R.—*a large boat enters,* R. U. E., *and the* MILLERS *land with their sacks—the boat returns.*

OPENING CHORUS.

Who would suppose,
Under our clothes,
We're desperate villains—very.
When the mill stops,
On travellers we drops,
Their chink make 'em lay down merry.
Exeunt MILLERS, R.

Enter KELMAR, *from cottage,* R..

KELMAR. Early and late the miller thrives. Ah, me!
My tenant once, but now my landlord's he.
Last Spring my fortune fell and I lost all;
In fact, to me, it proved both Spring and fall.
I was the tumbler in that fall upset—
That Spring and fall embraced my summerset.
The year in fact's played leap year with my woe,
Would it might jump to a conclusion so;
In fact I may say that it's *bound* to stop.
A once drain'd tumbler knows no further drop!

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Enter CLAUDINE *over bridge*, L. U. E.

Ha, ha, Claudine, my dear, returned at last?
How slow you've been!

CLAU. You wouldn't have me fast?
The ferry, cross the millstream, was delayed,
So I'd to wait, it was too deep to wade.

KELMAR. But I'm too deep for you t' *evade* me, miss.

CLAU. The simple cause of my delay was this—
Lothair—

KELMAR. A very simple cause, indeed;
A simpler cause than he I never see'd.
He's after you, I fear—you're ne'er apart.

CLAU. He's one, I own, that's after my own heart.

KELMAR. In that case soon come up with it he ought;
The heart I fear would stand still to be caught.
Pooh, pooh, he is too poor to think e'er of a tie.

CLAU. You needn't be pooh, pooher of his poverty.

KELMAR. To his poor level he'd my darling drag.
Talk no more of him—he's not worth a *mag*.
Grindoff's the man for my money—that is,
I mean to say, that I'm the man for *his*—
He'd take me in as partner.

CLAU. That may be—
As partner he shall never take in me.

KELMAR. My fortune will from that there rise have dated;
While I shall be like him *a miller-rated*.

CLAU. The miller, by profession, I'm afraid,
Would find that he a miller was *by trade*.

KELMAR. Surely his open brow knows no deceiving?

CLAU. He's one, papa, whom seeing would *be-leaving*.

KELMAR. He has proposed for you; and though, my dear,
That you detest the man, it's very clear.
Think of the many comforts you'd enjoy—
And though I would not harshly, love, employ
A parent's right, still if you keep unkind,
You'll simply be my death—but never mind,
For I can bear it.

CLAU. Father!

KELMAR. (*tapping his breast*) See there! strike it!
I'm used to cruelty, and rather like it.

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't let these faint suggestions, dear, alarm you,
- - virtue too much, dear, to ever harm you.
Though there's no saying what if you don't right do,
A fond but irritated father might do.
To your papa you duty owe—I feel
That *papa duty's* one you can't repeal.

CLAU. Severe? delicious! Angry? ecstacy!
'Tis the first time you ever threatened me!

KELMAR. My child!

CLAU. Oh, dear! I beg you won't come round.
If you would only dash me to the ground—
Shut me up in my room—starve or ill-treat me—

KELMAR. Don't be absurd!

CLAU. If you would only beat me,
I should be *so* obliged.

KELMAL. Nonsense! have done!

CLAU. (*pettishly*) Won't even let me be an "injured one!"
CLAUDINE *goes into cottage*, R.

Enter LOTHAIR, *agitated*, *over bridge*, L.

LOTH. Kelmar—alone!

KELMAR How can you ask a loan?

LOTH. Bother! I mean, has Claudine this way flown?
She left me, and she fled I knew not whither.

KELMAR. (*drily*) An' *you not with her!* thought you were *togither?*

LOTHAIR. Say she is safe!

KELMAR. 'Tis no affair of yours,
But if 'twill gratify you, she's in doors.

LOTH. (*frantically clutching* KELMAR) She's saved! ha,

KELMAR. Ha, ha! what means that laugh? [ha!
You're too familiar, boy, by *ha ha* half!
Catch hold o' me? I'm not to be *cajoled!*

LOTHAIR. (*wildly*) Hear me, *old bloke*, don't on my love *blow cold.* (KELMAR *turns away*)
In vain I ax—his heart seems heart of oak.
I cannot get a chip of the old bloke.
Listen.—As through the forest brake I came,
I chanced to break upon a little game.
Two peasants—

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KELMAR. (*aside*) Pheasants!
LOTH. They *were damage faisant*,
At least their looks foreboded nothing pleasant;
Two less inviting parties ne'er were seen,
And augur'd something awkward to Claudine!
KELMAR. Claudine!
LOTH. And had they not observed assistance
Hovering near, (*aside*) at a respectful distance,
They'*d ha' quick tore your* daughter from my arms.
As done in *dark Wictoria* melodrames.
KELMAR. Was it her watch attracted or her charms?
To make up to her, then, of course you flew?
LOTH. Make up to her? you said I wasn't to.
The oddest part about the matter is,
In each I'm sure I recognised the phiz
Of one of Grindoff's millers.
KELMAR. Go along;
I know what prompts the burden of your song.
LOTH. Well, I misdoubt the whole lot of those fellows.
KELMAR. You say that now, only because you're jealous.
'Tis rivalry has coloured your remark—
A rival's suit is uniformly dark.
You hate him!
LOTH. Yes; and if I prove him traitor,
Will you be in my hate particip-*hator*?
Ere I repeat my offer for her hand,
Myself will hover round this thievish band—
Track Grindoff to his haunt, our friends then rally,
And play the game off on his old *haunt* Sally.

DUET.—"T'other side o' Jordan."

LOTH. So, off I start at once,
But don't you breathe a word,
Of our compact or my plan he may get wind of.
And write me down a dunce,
If I do not like a bird,
Quickly circumvent the other side o' Grindoff!
KELMAR. You're honest though you're poor,
And if you don't succeed,
Which is very, very probable, indeed, boy,

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You've the comforting reflection,
That Claudine don't wed a boor,
But a gentleman of property.

LOTH. Most pleasant, to be sure.

BOTH. (*with different expressions*) Tol de rol de rol, &c.

Exeunt into cottage, R.

Melodramatic music.—Enter RIBER *and* GOLOTZ *over bridge*, L. U. E.

RIBER. Confusion!

GOLOTZ. Ditto!

RIBER. Foiled!

GOLOTZ. Destruction!

RIBER. True!

GOLOTZ. Cuss everything!

RIBER. I quite agree with you.
Claudine, we to her father's hut have track'd.

GOLOTZ. Then 'tis *an 'ut* must presently be *cracked*.

RIBER. Stay, here's a chink. (*going to window.*

GOLOTZ. So humble is the cot,
I fear it is the only *chink* they've got.

RIBER. The man I *loathe there!*

GOLOTZ. Ha! hallo *there!*

RIBER. *Lo, there!*
I see *Lothair!*

GOLOTZ. Then we had best not go there!
(*they retreat from cottage.*

RIBER. On his return he dies! Confusion!

GOLOTZ. True!

RIBER. This night he meets his doom!

GOLOTZ. He do, he do!

(*Melodramatic music.—They steal off, and conceal themselves on either side of the bridge—during the above the mill stops, and* GRINDOFF *is seen to pass in distant perspective, with his boat from the rock, to* R.

Boat rows on from L.—GRINDOFF *jumps ashore.*

GRIND. My foot's upon my native heath—my name
Don't signify, but for my present game
Grindoff will serve; still as I'm all alone,
(*confidentially to* AUDIENCE) I don't mind mentioning,
I once was known

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As Wolf; within yon peaceful mill have got—
And yet, p'raps on the whole I'd better not,
For its interior you'll see in time—
At present, then, I'll but observe, that I'm
By no means what I seem, and that of late,
Lothair has crossed my path, that when I hate—
(fiercely) I *hate!* He loves Claudine, the starveling
By no means disagreeable is to her— [cur
What's more, he doth suspect my gallant crew!

Re-enter LOTHAIR *from cottage*, R.

(with intensity) The viper must be *crushed!*—Ah!
(perceives LOTHAIR, *and shakes hands blandly, dropping his manner to the friendly)* How de do?

LOTH. *(severely eyeing him)* Thank'ee, I'm quite as well as *you* could wish!
You're looking *bobbish*, that is *robber-tish!* *(warmly)*

GRIND. *(aside)* Our young friend's booked. *(shakes hands)*

LOTH. Hadn't you better make
A *run*, instead of dwelling on a *shake*.

GRIND. Though rivals, don't an honest grasp disdain.
(a pause.
Allow me to shake hands with you again;
If you are fortunate enough to get her,
'Tis well for her—if *I'm* the man, it's better.

LOTH. You're wealthy—I can stand no chance with *you*,
Though I'm the better looking of the two.

GRIND. I don't see that!

LOTH. Well, farewell!

GRIND. Farewell! Stay—
Another shake before you go away.

LOTH Bother! *(going)*

GRIND. Now, then, for Kelmar.

GRINDOFF *enters cottage*, R.

(as LOTHAIR *is passing the bridge*, RIBER *and* GOLOTZ *strike at him from either side—they miss him, and he goes off, unconscious of their attack)*

RIBER. Foil'd again! No go!
Hatred! despair! revenge!

GOLOTZ. Precisely so.

(Music.—They steal off after LOTHAIR, L. U. E.

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KARL. (*heard without*, L.) Help, help!

KELMAR *appears at his door, and looks out.*

KELMAR. I thought I heard a cry!
KARL. (*without*) Help!
KELMAR. (*coolly*) Yes,
It *is* a fellow-screecher in distress!
Deliberately retires, closing door.

Enter KARL, *with a valise*, L. 2 E.

KARL. (*shouting*) What! hallo! house!—that is the way that all
Stage tourists always hail a house of call.
And this reminds me this valise is making
Of this young tourist, both the two wrists aching.
'Elp!
KELMAR. (*putting his head through door*) Who cried 'Elp?
KARL. One who assistance needed.
It was from this young *dog* the "'Elp" proceeded.
I saw a pathway hither, which I followed out,
And feeling empty, it myself was hollowed out.
KELMAR. Mine's not an inn, but in your situation,
You're freely welcome to an invitation;
And though we're poor and humble, still we're kind
To hungry travellers; you wouldn't find
Primer small beer or better sour krout,
Not *in an inn*.
KARL. Oh, then it's *out-an'-out*.
I'll go and fetch my master; he's hard by—
If possible, he's hungrier than I.
KELMAR. Two! that's an unexpected honour, quite!
Be off!
KARL. Be off? you're joking, sir, I vow—
Don't be afraid, we'll never leave you now. [fare.
(*coolly*) We don't ask much, we're used to traveller's
For what you haven't got, we don't much care,
But all you *have* we'll take without remorse.
You'll give us up your bed, old boy, of course?
Whatever you for breakfast have put by,
Sausage or capon, or a Strasbourg pie,
We'll have for supper, and whatever you
Intended for to-morrow's dinner too.

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KELMAR. (*aside*) I never saw such thorough British plegm as his!

KARL. Any cigars, old boy, about the premises?
If not, no harm; I'm used to travelling quite—
I'm a cosmopolite, and, o' course, more polite.
Catch hold. (*throws him portmanteau*) My master down below is waiting.

KELMAR. The devil!

KARL. No, Count Friberg; such a state in!
Into the mill stream he contrived to get,
From which you may conclude he's rather wet.

KELMAR. Friberg? What, my old landlord's eldest son?
Oh, joy! *Exit rapidly*, L.

GRIND. (*who has entered from cottage at mention of Count's name—aside*) Ah! should he see me, I am done!
I was quite unaware he'd come to-day;
Let me run anywhere to get away.
I feel my cheeks like two live coals are glowing.
(*in his anxiety to retreat, he crosses towards* L. *and treads upon* KARL'S *foot*)

KARL. Ingenuous rustic, mind where you are going.

GRIND. I am a miller—*(proudly—lifts up his foot)*

KARL. To the trade were born—
You're so fa*miller* with a fellow's *corn*,
Where you are running *to*, you should be minding,
My small *wee-toe* was not meant for your grinding.

GRIND. Booby! (*threateningly*)

KARL. Oh, well, as you apologize,
I say no more. *Goes rapidly into cottage.*

Enter COUNT FRIBERG *with* KELMAR L.

KELMAR. This is a glad surprise!

COUNT. Thanks for your kindly welcome, virtuous peasant,
This disagreeable wet is damp unpleasant;
The rising flood near, to deep grief did send us.
I thought its stream would end us—it's tremendous.
(*during this the* COUNT *observes* GRINDOFF, *who endeavours to escape observation.*

KELMAR. One of your tenants, count—why how you tremble! (*introducing* GRINDOFF)

GRIND. I? no! your servant, sir! (*aside*) I must dissemble.

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COUNT. (*aside*) That voice, too! I am pretty well assured,
Belonged once to my father's roguish steward,
Wolf, who of half our silver plate bereft us,
First robbed us right and left, then outright left us.

Re-enter KARL, *from cottage* R.

KARL. Your room is close, but capital compared
To last night's lodging which was *too* well *air'd*,
Rather too open too, (*shivering*) I shan't forget
The fright I was thrown into when I met
Those tramps who knocked me down politely, and
Then most insanely ordered me to *stand*,
Pointing their words with knives—facetious sparks,
But I saw no fun in their *naive* remarks.

GRIND. But you've escaped?

KARL. Your term I don't admire—
Swells don't *escape*, they *prudently retire*;—
I, jealous of my *laurels* stood at *bay*,
Then drew my blade and cut—

GRIND. Of course, away—
You must mistake.

KARL. There's no mistake about it,
Observe this little *souvenir* if you doubt it! (*shows dagger*)

GRIND. (*aside*) My weapon! idiot to let it fall!
Give it to me! (*fiercely to* KARL)

KARL. Oh, dear no! not at all—

GRIND. (*cringingly*) I could return it to it's owner, p'raps.

COUNT. *Indeed!* are you acquainted with those chaps!

GRIND. (*aside*) If I'm discovered 'twill be certain ruin!
They must imagine that its Kelmar's doing.
(*drops sheath into* KELMAR'S *pocket*.
(*aloud—indignantly*) No! I should such society be scorning—
(*to* COUNT *with affected ease, but in confusion*.
Fine *afternoon—night's* coming on—good *morning!*
Exit, uncomfortably, L.

(COUNT *rushes to* KELMAR, *seizes an arm, and shakes him*.

COUNT. (L.) Tell me that fellow's name! your answer pray!
No hesitation!

KARL. (*doing the same*, R.) Don't with lions play!

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KELMAR. (C.) His name is—
BOTH. (*shaking him*) Well?
KELMAR. (*weaker*) I say his name is—
BOTH. (*more violently*) *What?*
KELMAR. (*very weak*) I'm not concealing it.
KARL. You'd better not!
KELMAR. His name is Grindoff, there's no mystery!
COUNT. I breathe again!
KELMAR. Then perhaps, sir, you'll let me!
(*they unhand him—he turns round to address them, but is too exhausted, and exit with* KARL *into cottage*)
COUNT. (*aside*) 'Twas like that *steward*, and I well did con him,
But then it may be that's *too hard* upon him.

SONG.—COUNT—AIR, "Geraldine"—(*F. Wallerstein.**)

Oh, I have been
As have most swells,
All o'er this world of ours—
I've made the pleasantest of tours,
Or as low folks say "*towers.*"
'Midst brightest scenes,
'Neath bluest skies,
And in suspicious climes,
Where I was followed every-where,
And could'nt get my "*Times.*"

But could I in each scene forget,
My native land? ah, no!
My native land where everything's
Respectable and slow.
So I returned to settle down
Amid my tenantry,
And live as should a member of
The aristoc-racy!

Enter CLAUDINE, *who curtseys, followed by* KELMAR *and* KARL, *from cottage.*

CLAU. Supper is served! alas, but common fare—
COUNT. A lass *un*common fair! such beauty's rare!
(*aside*) Oh, dear, oh, dear, I am—*oh, dear*, afraid,
There's more *owed here* than ever can be paid!

* Published by Metzler and Co.

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I never did before and, never shall,
See such perfection.

KARL. (*critically*) Tidy sort 'o gal—
But I'm *so* hungry.

KELMAR. I'm afraid our brew
Is not, sir, what *you've* been accustomed to,
But—

KARL. *(impatiently)* Never mind, come,

KELMAR. Our small beer is poor,
But honest—and our bread is—

KARL. To be sure,
Do cut it short!

KELMAR. We *do*, we can't afford
To cut it fat upon our humble board;
Though homely, yet perhaps you will not shun it.

KARL. You needn't preach a homily upon it.

KELMAR. (*turning to* COUNT) Our humble meal waits,
Count, don't think me bold—
Unostentatious.

KARL. (*sharply*) Yes, and getting cold.

CONCERTED PIECE.—"Satanella Waltz."

COUNT. Grace in every action! I cannot conceal
The deep satisfaction that in here I feel;
Charming to be waited by damsel fair,
'Tis a fact I've stated loudly everywhere.

KARL. If we don't on victuals pop,
Shortly your poor Karl must drop;
Take a hungry boy's advice—
Oh, the supper smells *so* nice!

KELMAR. Sir, 'tis waiting but for you;
Enter then, and taste our brew.

COUNT. Grace in every action, &c.

CLAUDINE *sets coquettishly to* COUNT—KARL *attempts to approach her, but is waved off by the virtuous* KELMAR—*they all waltz off into cottage*—KARL *crushing* KELMAR *in the doorway, in his anxiety to arrive at his supper.*

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SCENE SECOND.—*Depths of the Forest.*

LOATHAIR *enters*, L. *his dress and complexion changed, his appearance wretched.*

LOTH. With walnut juice my face I've stained—no doubt
It will be *stain* there till I've *worn it* out.
If a friend scanned my countenance this minute,
He wouldn't know me, or the *juice* is in it—
My dyer design from danger's not exempt,
Up to this—*once* I've dyed in the attempt!
With dark lined wrinkle, and deep stage red lead, I
Feel half *ink-lined* to say I've dyed *al-ready*
Which change of feature may be understood in
The fact that *lost here* I'm *Missed a Wood-in.*
A human footprint e'en the forest lacks;
Here no society distributes *tracks*
For the diffusion of my useful knowledge
In foreign parts, through this thick matted foliage.
I've so far *wandered* from each well known spot,
That I begin to *wonder* where I've got—
In other words, I find I've lost my way.
The only thing I've found yet, though they say
The *hated robbers somewhere* here located,
Would *some where here* now to *co-robber-ate-it.*
Ha, ha, they come obedient to the cue—
Somehow in melo-drame's they always do.

Melo-dramatic music.—LOTHAIR *stands aside.*—*Enter* RIBER *and* GOLOTZ *in altercation*, R.—*they go to a piece of rock in foliage.*

RIBER. Golotz, 'twas *your* fault!
GOLOTZ. Bah!
RIBER. Quite right! you are
A *black* sheep, and may properly say ba-a!
GOLOTZ. A sheep am I? Ha, ha! that may be true—
Beware, I may be *sheep* and nasty too! (*half draws*
RIBER. Oh! no offence—I only meant to say [*dagger.*
That you were—(*apologetically*)
GOLOTZ. Oh!
RIBER. Too—
LOTH. (*aside*) Two assassins! (BOTH *draw*
GOLOTZ. (*turning menacingly on* RIBER) Eh? [*rapidly*

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RIBER. Don't draw on me, you'll find there's no effects.
GOLOTZ. *(pityingly)* E'en in your *anger* you your *age* protects.
RIBER. My age? You mean to say that I am—
LOTH. (*at back*) *Hold!*
GOLOTZ. I *do* —uncommon—
RIBER. Ah, then come on!

Music.—They take stage, R. *and* L. *and meet* LOTHAIR, C.

RIBER. } Sold!
GOLOTZ. }

(*They seize* LOTHAIR *by the collar—he throws them off —they fall heavily.—Picture.*

LOTH. Strike an unarm'd and harmless man?
RIBER. (*whiningly*) Why mock you us?
Knock you us down to prove that you're *in-noc-u-ous.*
LOTH. Your hands, friends! *(gives each a hand—they rise surprised.)*
GOLOTZ. You've a roughish mode of greeting
Those you call friends.
LOTH. Long have I sought this meeting.
I came to join you.
RIBER. *Join?* you've *broke* my back!
LOTH. Which proves I mean to join you in a *crack!*
You can assist me to perform my vow—
A vow of vengeance!
RIBER & GOLOTZ. Wengeance!
LOTH. *When gents? now!*
Me to the presence of your Captain lead.
I like to deal with principals.
RIBER. Indeed!
GOLOTZ. We has no principles.
LOTH. If that term's wrapped in
Am-big-u-witty, drop it, and say captain.
(*they look suspiciously at each other.*
You pause, don't frown—you might at any rate,
Look more *been nine*, although you (*h*)-*is-at-sight.*
Count Friberg—
ROBBERS. (*with a start*) Friberg!
LOTH. Pack'd me off, although
I only took a dozen spoons or so.

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His faithful *valet* thus to underrate!
He thought but of the *valley* of his plate.

RIBER. A bloated oligarch?

LOTH. (*with intensity*) Who presently
A potted bloater'd oligarch shall be!
A dark vow o'er his fated cranium lowers.

RIBER. Well, your *avowal's consonant* with ours.

LOTH. But how to do it?

RIBER. We'll be your instructors—
To your *enlight'ning* leading as *conductors*,
To bring you to our band in bandit manner,
You must be bandag'd first with this bandana.
Be true, though, or you'll come to certain grief.
Our captain *hangs* all traitors.

LOTH. There, be brief!
I'll take my chances with your *hanger chief*.
(RIBER *ties on the handkerchief*.

RIBER. There—is it fasten'd comfortable?

LOTH. Quite.
(*staggers*) *I* feel so tipsy that I *must* be tight.

GOLOTZ. It's my opinion you a knowing cove are;
Despite the tightness, that you *half sees over*.

RIBER. Nonsense! he can't—your steps you'd best be minding.

LOTH. (*aside*) I see their leaves and cover through the binding.
The thieves' retreat's behind yon mossy curtain.
I wish my own *retreat* were half as certain.

TRIO.—"When a man's a little bit poorly."

LOTH. We
Three,
With avidity
And rapidity,
To this here ditty
Jump
Plump— (*they jump*.
With solidity.
Ri fol *iddity*
Iddity—ol!

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Air changes to "Judy Callaghan."

We are three robbers whose rage,
Terrible in its intensity,
Ne'er is seen save on the stage—
We've ev'ry horrid propensity.
Bushy black beards and blue fire—
Groans the more deadly the betterer,
Such are the things we admire,
Dark lanterns, daggers, etcetera.

ALL. We three, &c.

A pas de mystification and exeunt into cavern, L. C.

SCENE THIRD.—*The Cavern beneath the Mill. Powder magazine, labelled* "Corn Mill Magazine," C.—*entrance to the cave,* R. U. E.—*grated door,* R. ROBBERS *carousing.*

Music.—Loud laughter as Scene opens—Enter RAVINA, R.

RAVINA. What, sotting yet? you are a sottish lot—
For hours you that table at have *sot.*

1*st* ROBBER. '*Sat*' would be better

RAVINA. Don't your mistress flurry—
Would it were only Mr. Lindley Murray
Ravina murdered, happy would she be!

1*st* ROBBER. Silence, old hag!

RAVINA. A hag! oh, *hag-ony!*
If Wolf were here you'd very different treat me!
(*aside*) Although he do occasionally beat me,
Pull a large lump of 'air from out my head,
Or on my features with his highlows tread;
With a left-handed blow my molars loosen!
Or close the only eye I've got the use on.

1*st* ROBBER. Get us more wine.

RAVINA. This is the sweet society
Wolf leaves his wife with—there is no variety.
Ah, me—ah, me! my thoughts for aye are bent
On days when I was young and innocent.
Ah, I was lovely then—my auburn hair
Reached in romantic ringlets down to *there—*
(placing her hand at her heels.

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My eyes were black as sloes, as people say;
They're black sometimes, now, in a different way.
I then was full of hope and joy and trust;
I'd a fine upright form, and such a bust!
Seven sad years and see how low I've come;
These low young men don't even call me *mum*.

1*st*. ROBBER. Ravina, sing to us—do something funny,
And we will make you up a cap of money.

RAVINA. (*heartbroken*) Funny! ha, ha! This broken hearted wife,
Ravina, funny! Well, upon my life,
The notion tickles me. (*tapping her breast aside*)
Down, down, down, down!
(*skipping, with affected hilarity.*
The *Pas de Thingumbob*, is half-a-crown.
(1*st*. ROBBER *throws a coin on to table—the* OTHERS *do the same.*

RAVINA. (*aside*) How very strange coincidences are!
I sold my *father*, now I sell my *pas*.

SCENA.—AIR,—"Chaunt."

RAVINA. Ravina funny, ha, ha! I like the notion; but what can you expect from such a set of low-bred, uneducated creatures,
Asking her to sing when it's only too evident that despair is stamped on her wan, but highly intellectual features;
But there's not one of the band with the remotest tinge of poetry or romance, or who feels for my sad situation.
When I think of the wrongs and the slights I'm a continually sufferin', I'm completely o'erpowered with hatred, horrid thoughts, and perspiration.

AIR *changes to* "Chip chow, cherry chow."

(*intensely*) A day must come, Ravina, *mum!*
Good gracious, be you noodle dumb!
(*idiotically*) A foodle cum, a boodle cum, a dum de doodle day.

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DANCE AND CHORUS.

Would that I ne'er had left my parent's extremely 'umble but remarkably virtuous roof ever to become a wife;
However, there's one thing, it can't last for ever—the best of friends must part, so must the worst of enemies —and marriage is only for life,
So I suppose I must put up with the cuffs, and the kicks, and the insults, and the punches of the head suitable to the situation,
Until poison or something of the kind puts an end to the broken-hearted Ravina, or I can sneak out on the quiet and apply for an economical though strictly legal separation.

CHORUS AND DANCE,—A day must come, &c. &c.

1*st*. ROBBER. Bravo! (ALL *applaud—a horn heard*) The captain's new bride.
RAVINA. Come to share *my* crown!
Ah! when *I bridle* up, *that bride'll* down.
What! to his other vices meaneth he
To add the horrid crime of bigamy?
Alas, how bitterly I rue the day
When first he stole my trusting heart away!
(*with a burst of feeling*) *Oh, how I lov'd that man!* he seemed to me
All that a smart young miller ought to be!
So *trim*, and with politeness over brimming!
Alas, he'd now be better for a trimming!
And yet a trimming wouldn't be degrading in him,
For he's so smart, that it's no use *up-braiding* him!
She comes, doubtless, suspecting little harm.
Certainly not *this* little arm. Be calm! (*shaking her arm*.
Down! down! down! [

Music—The trap opens—RIBER *and* GOLOTZ *ascend—they each give a hand to* LOTHAIR, *who jumps up*.

RIBER. Behold a brave recruit.
(LOTHAIR *tears off bandage*.
ROBBERS. (*starting*) A man!
RAVINA. Another! (*to* LOTHAIR.
Misguided youth! Oh, have you got a mother?

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1*st* ROBBER. Where is the captain's bride?
RAVINA. Here!
1*st* ROBBER. Bah! not you!
RAVINA. Two brides! I *faint* to think he's *coming two.*
(*leans in* 1*st* ROBBER'S *arms—bugle heard—the* ROBBERS *start into attitudes of attention—the* 1*st* ROBBER *dropping* RAVINA)

Music—GRINDOFF, *in his robber's dress, descends the opening—he starts on seeing* LOTHAIR—ROBBERS *cheer.*

GRIND. A stranger!
LOTH. Grindoff!
(ROBBERS *lay hands on their arms.*
GRIND. What, you *know* me, eh?
Who hath his captain managed to betray?
RIBER. 'Twas I recruited him.
GRIND. I fear you've been
Rather too hasty. Where's Claudine?
LOTH. Claudine!
GRIND. (*turning abruptly to* LOTHAIR) An echo to my words! You'd better mind,
Oh, how we *twist a neck* o' you may find!
LOTH. Sir, by a foe I've been most vilely treated—
And for this robber life—I longed to greet it.
Sore I burn here for vengeance, understand—
Saw Riber near, and ask'd to join the band.
GOLOTZ. Count Friberg is his foe. (*to* GRINDOFF)
GRIND. (*shakes hands with* LOTHAIR) Oho! indeed!
To-night he rests at Kelmar's, and I need
Some dauntless heart, some arm bold and unflinchin',
To-night the hash to settle of that kinchin.
Should he his *chateau* reach, beyond a doubt,
Our hopes are *shatter'd*—he *must* find us out. [stout;
LOTH. To-night! *I'll save him!* (*aloud*) Sir, my heart is
(*holding forth a by no means cleanly hand*) This hand,
you will at once see by its hue,
Is all the blackest deeds accustomed to.
GRIND. It trembles.
LOTH. 'Tis with passion, not with fear.
(*anxiously*) Take me—
GRIND. You're far too eager. Riber, here!
(GRINDOFF *and* RIBER *talk*—RAVINA *advances.*

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RAVINA. Another wretched victim! I declare, I
Am sick of this existence *sanguin-a-ry.*
Yes, *and whene'er I* offer my advice,
I am what folks call shut up in a "trice."
What is a "trice?" I don't know. (*to* BAND) My good men,
List to a broken—

GRIND. Bother!

RAVINA. Snubb'd again! (*retires*)

GRIND. As I observ'd before, in Kelmar's room
The count and his companion meet their doom!
(*taking a drinking horn—to* LOTHAIR.
Sir, I look towards you—your cognomen's—

LOTH. Spiller!

GRIND. Is your cup full?

RAVINA. (*looking into it*) Yes, he's a jolly good *filler!*

DIVERTISSEMENT. — *Supported by* MISS ROSINA WRIGHT, *and the* LADIES OF THE CORPS DE BALLET.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Interior of Kelmar's Cottage.—A front scene with an ingle nook,* R., *backed by a fire, the embers of which are decaying.—a curtain is raised, and* COUNT *and* KARL *are discovered asleep on the bench.*

Enter CLAUDINE *with a lamp, door* L.

CLAU. I find it quite impossible to sleep;
A thousand images combine to keep
Repose from me; and if by chance I doze,
I see Lothair receiving on the nose,
Or in the eye, or on the *ear*, or *there*—
But that's not *here* or *there*, say *anywhere*—
A mortal wound! yes, on the savage slash
My mind's eye *lights* as it *turns on the gash!*
The morning breaks! I cannot go to bed—
I think I'll go and meet Lothair instead;
For his dear sake I'm anxious all the while.
(*clasping her hands.*
Oh, sweet reflection! that I know not guile,
Else might I shudder to be here alone;
But conscious innocence no midnight groan,

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Or dark mysterious sound—no mouse or rat,
Cricket or beetle, startles. (KARL *sneezes*) Ah, what's
that? [*awakes.*

(*hops off quickly, at cottage door,* L.—*Music.*—KARL

KARL. Oh, what a *swarm* of rats my dreams dismay,
I only wish *I* was as *warm* as they;
Some mouse has come across my nose. Ugh, dear!
Would we had come across *some house* less drear.
Oh, dear! (*sleeps*)

Enter RIBER *cautiously with lantern.*—GRINDOFF *follows door* L. C.—RIBER *draws poniard.*

RIBER. He sleeps! ha, ha! at once I'll-(*as he raises his arm.*
KARL. (*in his sleep*) Cut away!
GRIND. Cowardly cur! pray what is that you say?
(*turning upon* RIBER.
RIBER. My exclamation, sir, I meant no harm in.
GRIND. Remember I'm your captain.
KARL. (*asleep*) Hang the varmin!
GRIND. I heard you. (*same play*)
RIBER. Heard me what?
GRIND. Psha! do your duty.
RIBER. Captain, I will. Ha, ha! here goes, my beauty.
GRIND. Stay! (*interrupting the blow*)
RIBER. (*descending to commonplace*) Something wrong
again now, I suppose?
GRIND. 'Tis not *your* beauty, but *my* beauty goes.
I've long proposed to her we should be married;
She and that proposition shall be carried
(*grasping* RIBER'S *hand.*
This very night! friend, you a hint can take,
Watch while they sleep, and see they never wake.
(*jauntily*) Ta, ta! *Exit* L. *door.*
RIBER. This for an artist, who for work's ambitious,
Presents a picture really most delicious.
(KARL *wakes, and sits up, viewing* RIBER *with horror.*—
RIBER *goes round stage, alternately raising and lowering dagger.*—KARL *follows him, imitating his actions.*
RIBER *pauses at the sight of* COUNT.
RIBER. That sleeping figure overcomes me quite;
I haven't slept myself a single night
Or day for thirty years, since that fell time
When first I fell from virtue into crime!

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I used to sleep occasionally then;
Bed at eleven, up again at ten;
Of which the memory overcomes me so,
I cannot do it!

KARL. (*stabbing him*) Can't you? I can though—
(*he playfully offers at him with the dagger, which* RIBER *faintly endeavours to parry.*
A thrust in *tierce* you possibly may guard,
And so in *carte* I drive my *pony-'ard.*

Stabs him—he falls, R. C.—*at the same time* GRINDOFF *enters* R.—COUNT *wakes and collars him,* L. C.—*Picture.*

COUNT. Speak! What means this! It strikes me you're a thief.

GRIND. Pray take your knuckles from my neckerchief.
I came to serve you—here you are in danger.

KARL. Thank'ee for nothing.

GRIND. (*blandly*) Interesting stranger!
I liked you both at first sight, and, in fact,
Hastened at once to do a friendly act.

KARL. That *you* liked us, sir, I had no idea,
Though I have *made a strong impression here.*
(*pointing to* RIBER—GRINDOFF *is horror-stricken*

GRIND. Impression! here's the proof!

COUNT. He was, I feel,
An *artist* with such taste for the ideal
That he's *engraved himself on his own steel.*

KARL. Forward he *pressed* to *pull the sheets*——

COUNT. Mine?

KARL. Yes!
I *struck him off* as he was *going to press.*

GRIND. (*aside*) Struck when awake! the dull fool ne'er could bring
Himself to see the *point* of anything!
(*aloud*) You see what sort of people you're among.

COUNT. What! Kelmar is—

GRIND. The greatest thief unhung!
(KARL *dreadfully alarmed—as* GRINDOFF, COUNT, *and* KARL *are in the front, speaking together in an undertone,* RIBER *revives and sits up, unperceived.*

RIBER. I feel a little better. (*rises*) If I could
(*going slowly to door*

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Reach it, the open air would do me good. [crimes;
GRIND. 'Tain't fair, p'rhaps, to impute to him these
(*mysteriously*) But we've missed villagers at various
KARL. (*in horror*) Oh! [times.
GRIND. Hush! it has been whispered hereabout
That those who've once *called in* but once *call out.*
(KARL *falls against* COUNT *in an agony of fear.*

RIBER *has arrived at the door.*

RIBER. (*aside*) Retiring into private life to-day,
My final theft shall be to *steal away.* *Exit.*
GRIND. If you more explanation need, see there!
(points to sheath which is protruding from the pocket of Kelmar's coat, hanging behind door.
COUNT. An empty sheath! that dagger, Karl, compare—
They seem to *coincide.*
KARL. They do, most nicely;
You see that it will *go inside* precisely.
GRIND. You're not *safe here.*
KARL. Oh don't *say fear*—we feel it.
How lucky on an honest spark have *we* lit
Can you assist us? (*shaking hands with* GRINDOFF.
GRIND. Well, I think I can;
A friend of mine, an honest sort of man,
Keeps an hotel—
KARL. Does he? oh, tell us where.
GRIND. About a mile off on the high road, there.
(*crosses, as if going off.*
COUNT. We'll come up hill with you.
GRIND. In what's to follow.
They'll find a pill they're *come a mile* to swallow.
(*a female shriek heard.*
KARL. (*staggering*) Oh, dear!
COUNT. Ha, ha! a lady in the case!
All other things, of course, must then give place.
As gentlemen, without a thought I press
To rescue lovely woman in distress!
Rushes out with drawn sword, at door L. C.
KARL. Would I'd been born one of the softer sex!
Reared in the lap of luxury, they expex
We're to make way for 'em where'er they go;
If riding in an omnibus, you know,

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A lady wants to enter, and it's full,
You're asked to ride outside—don't see the pull.
If you've a cold, two hours outside a bus
Don't much improve it—no, it makes it wuss.
"Oblige a lady, sir?" (*touching cap*) the cad doth
And shoves some fat old washerwoman in. [grin,
It's raining, perhaps, she's got a great umbrella—
She never thinks to lend it to a fella;
But as the sentiment's a certain hit, oh,
To master's observation I say *ditto*!

Rushes off, flourishing dagger.

GRIND. (*returning from window*) She's mine! they must be duped! this morning's light
Will either make me or foredo me quite.
In short, all circumstances seem combined
To make a villain easy in his mind.

SONG & DANCE.—AIR,—"Yellow Dwarf Hornpipe." (*slightly altered*)

I'm a great guerilla chief,
I'm a robber and a thief,
I can either kill a foe or prig a pocket handkerchief.
Any kind of villany
Cometh natural to me,
So it endeth with a combat and a one, two, three!
Or I stop you in the park,
And garotte you for a lark,
All round about the neighbourhood I'm dreaded after dark.
For my fame has spread afar,
As footpad and burg(e)lar,
And I finish all the sentences I utter with ha, ha!
I hang about the airy
Though fierce and sanguin*ary*,
A most decided democrat, yet still I must declare I
Find good living suit me best,
And I often have confessed
I'm the veriest aristocrat in matters culin*ary*.
I'm a great guerilla chief, &c.

Eccentric hornpipe and dances off.

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SCENE FIFTH.—*The Cavern as before.*

LOTHAIR *on guard with carbine.—as the Scene opens, "Oh summer night," is played piano—the* ROBBERS, *who are dispersed about the stage, asleep, snore the accompaniment.*

LOTH. This sottish band so loudly snoring keep,
That one may truly say they're sound asleep.
Oh, Kelmar! oh, Claudine, did you but know,
The perils for your sake I undergo.
The crime ensanguined floor on which I tread,
The awful cold I'm catching in my head!
My probably hard death the cause is worth,
(*sneezes*) Although it may seem that it's *'n easy* berth.
The miller views me with a friendly eye,
Unconscious that this finger's in his pie.
(*showing a black forefinger.*
Talking of pies, I've been such measures taking,
Will make it difficult to save their *baking!*
Upon these *loaf*-ing rascals, *I'll* come down,
And the entire *batch*'ll be *done brown;*
Their master's hopes'll *crum*ble into dust,
He'll find his *love*'s just like his *loaves*—all *crushed.*
(*draws a coil of fuse from his breast.*
With the gunpowder I'll this fuse connect,
And give his flour a *blow*, he don't expect.
This fuse'll meet with no refusal, when I,
Shall introduce the *fuse among the many*—
This line delivered by a hand unseen,
Must be *inserted in yon magazine.*

Music.—LOTHAIR *steps cautiously over* ROBBERS, *drops carbine on* ROBBERS *foot*—ROBBER *strikes out with his foot, kicking another, who hits another in the eye—they sleep*—WOLF'S *whistle heard above*—ROBBERS *jump up*—LOTHAIR *skips to his post, and stands stiffly on guard.*

GRINDOFF *comes down steps,* R. U. E., *leading* CLAUDINE

GOLOTZ. Here is our chief with his arms more or less full.

LOTH. Well, noble captain, have you been succesful?

GRIND. More than successful, Spiller, have I been,
Behold my prize!

LOTH. A lady! (*aside*) 'Tis Claudine!

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She in the clutches of this robber miller!
Don't, robber! (*aloud*)

GRIND. (*turning on him*) Hey?

LOTH. (*apologetically*) Don't *drop her!*

GRIND. (*sternly eyeing him*) I won't, *Spill-er!*

Exit GRINDOFF, *with* CLAUDINE, R.

LOTH. (*at door, whispering loudly*) Claudine! Claudine!
your true Lothair is here,
Why *don't she hear* me, and what *does she here?*

Enter RAVINA, L.

LOTH. (*clutches her and brings her down*) Woman, your kind assistance here I crave!

RAVINA. I am so bad, you've but to ask, an' *have!*
What is't?

LOTH. Claudine is brought here as a prize.

RAVINA. (*starts*) 'Tis a *surprise*, has *brought tears* in my eyes,
Alas! than me she's prettier by far!

LOTH. *You're* tidy!

RAVINA. (*poking him in the ribs*) Oh, g'long!

LOTH. (*repeating the action*) You know you are!

They coquette—GRINDOFF *enters*, R. *and watches them with his arms folded; after the playfulness has continued some time*, RAVINA *sees she is observed, and utters a shriek.*

GRIND. Oh, don't mind *me*, I'm not remotely jealous.

RAVINA. Ah, that's the way with all you married fellows—
Although I can't forget, there *was* a time,
E'er my young maiden heart was steeped in crime.
When oscillating between hope and doubt,
You whispered softly in my ear—

GRIND. (*pushing her aside violently*) Get out!

RAVINA. Ah, this is marriage, any one may see
That he's *an 'ubby*, from his *snubbing* me!

GRIND. Riber has gone.

GOLOTZ. I always thought he would.
Such a bad lot, I hope is gone for good.

GRIND. From me the count's suspicions are removed
To Kelmar; the occasion I improved
By recommending him to Riber's cot.
Spiller, my lad, you seem to know what's what—

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You sham the landlord; if you try your best
At *playing host* it's *plain* you can't be *guess'd.*
As wandering Savoyards yourselves prepare—
Seem accidentally to drop in there,
From *fair Savoy*, and show your *savoir faire*,
Wait on the lady—(*to* RAVINA) to her comforts see.

RAVINA. Yes, *I'll wait on her.* (*aside, fiercely*) She's a *weight on me*,
Which I'll remove—dried up is pity's fountain—
There is a *demon* here, in this *heart's mountin'*
Down, down again!

CONCERTED PIECE.—"Chi mi frena." (*Lucia.*)

RAVINA. I'm afraid 'tis his intent to
Banish me, but Wolf beware!
Mind if you do so,
I'll bother you so,
You'll be anxious—you'll be anxious
Things to square!
Mind, I say, remorseless robber—
Mind, (I say, remorseless robber),
Your unprepossessing eye!

ALL. (*aside*) Now the Wolf must leave his lair,
And for action must prepare.

Exeunt GRINDOFF *and* FOLLOWERS, R. U. E.—LOTHAIR *introduces the fuse into the magazine and directs it towards trap.*

LOTH. Now, then, to lay the train. I hope it may
Turn out to be a most successful *lay.*

RAVINA. (*aside and pouring from phial into cup*)
This poisoned *cup* will potent be, though small,
And that young woman, there, shall drink *up all.*
Yon vacant visag'd miss shall take this drug.
What can Wolf see in such an *empty mug?*
I know I'*m ugly*—and the *mug's* the *pint*,
That puts my nasal organ out of *joint.*
'Tis well! three drops of this secures my vengeance!
(*is going off tiptoe,* R.—LOTHAIR, *who has watched her, advances and seizes her arm*)

LOTH. Drop it—that vial proves your vile intentions.

RAVINA. Spiller, I hate that dollish individdle!
With *vial* in hand, I'll not *play second fiddle.*

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LOTH. She's not your foe—from *her* you've nought to fear,
Your rival's not a *rival volunteer.*
And ne'er will be the bride of Wolf.
RAVINA. How so?
Who will prevent it?
LOTH. I—her husband.
RAVINA. Oh!
How, say you! I'm 'twixt fear and hope suspended.
LOTH. Let this *hint end it.* She is my *intended!*
Claudine!

CLAUDINE *rushing on,* R.

CLAU. That *vice!* that *vice!* (*they embrace*)
RAVINA. Poor things! how nice!
He *clasps* her so she well may say—that *vice!*
CLAU. That *walnut hue* has changed your colour true,
Really I thought at first it *wor not you.*
RAVINA. This sight my long unwarmed up heart's bewild'ring!
I ain't your mother, but bless you, my children!
LOTH. Harken, Ravina—in your power lies
The fate of all the band!
RAVINA. If so, *they dies!*
LOTH. Look there! I trust that isn't laid in vain.
Quick! don't you *take*—
RAVINA. Oh, yes, I *take the train,*
I see in this a scheme which quite surpasses
All *plans for elevation of the masses.*
CLAU. Like some poor critic, filled with envious spleen,
You would *blow up* the *Cornhill Magazine.*
LOTH. The place once mined, them to the winds I'll scatter,
RAVINA. Proving the triumph of *mined over matter.*

Re-enter GRINDOFF, R. U. E.

GRIND. In conversation, Spiller! What is this?
This is no place for you, pray leave us, miss!
To CLAUDINE, *who goes off,* R.
(*aside*) These women are by far too friendly! Stay!
To RAVINA, *who is sneaking off after* CLAUDINE.
You're safer in the cellar for to-day.
Those women's wits are sharp as pins and needles.
RAVINA. What? all among the coals and the black beadles!

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GRIND. (*affectionately*) Ravina, you'll oblige your spouse
I trust!
RAVINA. Calls me his *spouse!* Oh, well, I *s'pouse* I must.
What, all alone?
GRIND. Yes, dear—*alone* you'll be
With good *coal-ateral* security.
RAVINA. Among the meal and coal? Sad degradation!
Mine is a *meal and coaly* situation!
GRIND. These Collier disputes and useless brawls
end! (*savagely*)
RAVINA. As usual—the weakest to the *wall send.*
Once called the flower of Bohemia solely,
But what was called a flower is now *broke-coaly!*
(GRINDOFF *opens trap*—RAVINA *descends half way. smiling blandly, suddenly disappears, and is heard falling down ladder—a faint shriek*—"Down again!"
LOTH. Your lady's far from steady on her pins,
A punishment that must be for her *shins.*
GRIND. The Count's at Riber's. Since he has come back,
And till he's *bottled* I'm upon the *rack!*
LOTH. That *party* let *me kill*—on me depend,
You'll find I'll prove his *parti-killer* friend!
GRIND. That aggravating upstart soon shall see
That *dagger-awaiting* to extinguish he.
And should he speak when you're intent his life on,
You must divide his sentence with *a knife'un!*

DUET.—AIR,—Country Dance.

LOTH. Leave him to me,
Soon you shall see
How I'll do your bidding, sir.
GRIND. Put compunction out of sight—
Mind and do the thing that's right.
LOTH. You've but to say
"Spiller, obey."
I don't stick at shedding, sir,
My last drop,
And never stop
Till I'm exhausted quite.
GRIND. Come, you'll do us credit—
There's my hand, your promise keep.
LOTH. Captain, I have said it,
And I'll do it, too.

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GRIND. You're an acquisition.
LOTH. Oh, you're complimentary!
GRIND. Worthy of admission
To our gallant crew.
LOTH. Leave him to me,
Soon you shall see
How I'll do your bidding, sir,
Put compunction out of sight,
Yes, I'll do the thing that's right.
You've but to say
"Spiller, obey!"
I don't stick at shedding, sir,
My last drop,
And never stop,
Till I'm exhausted quite.
GRIND. Leave him to thee,
Soon I shall see
How you'll do my bidding, sir.
Put compunction out of sight,
Mind and do the thing that's right,
I've but to say,
"Spiller, obey."
You won't stick at shedding, sir,
Your last drop,
And will not stop,
Till you're exhausted quite!

ENSEMBLE.

Short wild dagger dance, and off.

SCENE SIXTH.—*The Hut of Riber, known as "The Flask.*

Enter COUNT FRIBERG *and* KARL, R.

COUNT. Fortune has really been extremely kind
To one of a romantic turn of mind;
We've had throughout the afternoon and night,
Nothing but incidents, most stirring, quite
A *noo sensation.*
KARL. Yes, and it'll be
A *noosance I shun* for the future, see.
COUNT. Remember, Karl, when we get home—

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KARL. Oh, bother!
I don't like one adventure top o' t'other.
Nothing but hair-breadth 'scapes from awful dangers,
And sticking disagreeable looking strangers.
In penny periodical I say,
Give me my horrors every Saturday.
I don't like daggers drawn, the truth to speak—
From 'ear to 'ear—I like 'em *week to week.*
KARL. (*shouts*) What ho, what ho, *what ho!*
COUNT. Prime lungs you've got, oh!

Enter LOTHAIR *from the flask, made up according to the conventional notion of a landlord.*

COUNT. Oh, what a *sketch!*
LOTH. (*bows*) Yes, sir, brought out by *Watteau.*
Can I accommodate you in the least,
I've entertainment good for man and beast?
KARL. We'll do your *cuisine* justice, never fear,
I'm about seventeen meals in arrear.
(LOTHAIR *appears anxious to communicate his fears to* KARL *and* COUNT, *but perceives* GRINDOFF *watching his actions through window,* L.
LOTH. (*aside*) Oh, *that all Grindoff said* I could but tell!
Oh that *short Grindoff's 'ead?* the ruffian fell!
Doth watch me, thinking I some trick may try on;
He has his steel, he also has his *eye-on.*
He doesn't stick at trifles—horrid bore!
I dread his *watch,* but dread his *sticker* more.
KARL. Let's have some malt. *(row heard in the inn)*
Some altercation, eh?
COUNT. Only some noisy peasants, I dare say.
LOTH. (*aside*) Would *I* dare say the truth.
COUNT. Well, order dinner—
KARL. For four. My boots tell me I'm getting thinner.
But first of all the double X.
LOTH. (*aside, heroically*) Prepare!
KARL. (*impatiently*) Come, beer man!
LOTH. *(very heroically)* Come, *be a man,* Lothair!
Exit into inn.
COUNT. Well, Grindoff's proved a friend whose hand's worth shaking.
Although his manners may not appear taking.

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KARL. (*aside*) I'm not so sure of that by any means.
(*aloud, blusteringly*) Since we've passed through these slightly dangerous scenes,
I've felt my ordinary pluck increase—
I laugh at peril!

KELMAR *rushes on*, L.—KARL *flies behind* COUNT *in dreadful fear.*

KARL. Robbery! Police!
COUNT. (*to* KELMAR) Ruffian! you are *de trop*—had best be gone.
KARL. (*in agony*) Keep off!
KELMAR. Keep off! Don't in this way keep on.
My daughter's carried off, sir, in the night;
I'm left alone to perish.
KARL. Serve you right.
KELMAR. (*mildly*) Young man, that is un*kyind!* when dead, I'm poz,
You'll find how very virtuous I was.
When too late, you'll your error be confessing.
Meanwhile accept an aged party's blessing!
COUNT. Accept a blessing, vagabond, from *you!*
KELMAR. I feel it is a thing I ought to do.

Enter GRINDOFF, *from inn.*

KELMAR. The miller!
GRIND. (*seizing* KELMAR) Dog, your treachery is known!
And for it you shall pay! that is—atone!
KELMAR. That is *a tone* I'm not accustomed to.
This is the villain, Count.
COUNT. Good gracious!
KELMAR. (*grappling with* GRINDOFF) You!
Music—They struggle violently—KELMAR *is thrown on one side, having torn open* GRINDOFF'S *vest, disclosing his robber's dress beneath*—KARL *falls helplessly into* COUNT'S *arms*—GRINDOFF'S *cap falls off, and he stands discovered—he whips forth a pair of pistols and stands at bay*, C.—*Picture.*
COUNT. My first suspicions then were right; you *are* That thievish steward, Wolf!
GRIND. (*pointing pistol*) Ha, ha, ha, ha!
For you this toy, unless pursuit you drop,
Will be a *wee-sell* when it goeth *pop!*

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There's no *escaping* mind, if once I *pull* it!

COUNT. (*drawing*) *Cap'n!* I'll not be bullied by a bullet.

KARL. (*still behind him*) You'd b—b—better yield.

GRIND. To you, think ye, I'd deign;
My mills provisioned, boy, pursuit is vain.
Grindoff no more—*Wolf is* himself again!
Rushes off, R.

COUNT. More stirring incidents by flood and field.
(*calls off*) Low individual, you'd better yield!
Now, Karl, for glory! Come and have your share of it
Rushes off with KELMAR, R.

KARL. Glory for ever! (*pause*) Not if I'm aware of it!
(*a shout without*)
The *yell without*, the dreadful fate doth tell,
That *glory* they have spelt *without the L!*
And as it's evident I'm in the way,
I'll take a little turn—(*Going off is met abruptly by* GOLOTZ—KARL *shrinks back in fear.*

GOLOTZ. Now then, I say!

KARL. (*aside*) I said a *little turn*, I've got it too!

GOLOTZ. (*beckoning to* LOTHAIR) Quick! Spiller, quick!
we've warmish work to do. (LOTHAIR *enters wildly*)

GOLOTZ. Our captain is hard pressed—confusion! see!
He's down! He's up again! Come, follow me! *Exit* R.

LOTH. (*going*) I will! I will!

KARL. (*stands before him*) You won't!

LOTH. How now!

KARL. My friend,
This Drama's very nearly at an end,
The dreadful thought's just struck me that all
Together we've not had a dance or duet, [through it,
And when the row commences in the mill,
'Twill be too late.

LOTH. Good gracious, so it will!
It positively *must* be done, you know.

KARL. Oh, there's no help for it, so off we go.

DUET.—"While I my banjo play."—AIR by W. H. MONTGOMERY—*Sung in the Burlesque of* "Maid and Magpie."

KARL. Then to an old old familiar tune,
That air you can't forget,
A reminiscence 'tis of pleasant days, that old duet

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LOTH. We'll heel and toe before we go.
KARL. To rush like lions on the foe—
'Twill nerve us for the fight.
LOTH. Just so!
The tune is *a-propos.*
BOTH. Then to an old, &c. *Characteristic dance off.*

SCENE SEVENTH.—*Near View of the Mill. A narrow bridge leading from it on to stage.—Music.*—RAVINA *discovered with the fuse—she places it in a cranny of the rock.*

RAVINA. The train is safe, thanks to this coil of fuse—
I shouldn't like to be in Grindoff's shoes,
No more than those of any of his Co.
We'll end the *mill* with one *straightforward blow,*
Which, as a joke so capital I view it,
Grindoff himself is sure to *tumble* to it.
When I receive the signal from Lothair,
His hapless comrades I blow everywhere.
This *will,* indeed, *this willain's* prospects spoil.
He'll never "shuffle off *this* mortal coil."
He comes! (*retires rapidly*)

Music.—GRINDOFF *rushes on as if pursued,* R.

GRIND. At foeman laugh I in my sleeve.
(*goes over bridge, which he pulls up.—Enter* KARL, R.
KARL. Here! you! (*aside*) He can't get at me, I perceive.
(*aloud*) The count, my master's coming here to kill you.
I shall assist him, too, so tremble, will you?

Enter COUNT FRIBERG, *with* ARMED FOLLOWERS, *and* KELMAR, R.

COUNT. Come! Yield or die!
GRIND. At your vain threats I scoff.
(COUNT *smiles at his temerity.*
GRIND. Laugh on, *laugh on,* you'll never have *Grin'd-off!*

Enter from small door in the mill, LOTHAIR *in* GOLOTZ'S *cloak, partially concealing his face.*

Spiller, my man, where are you?
LOTH. I am here!
What would you captain?
GRIND. Let my bride appear!

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Enter RAVINA, L.

RAVINA. Here is your bride!
GRIND. *You* there? with rage I smother,
Ravina, traitress!
RAVINA. Traitress, you're another!
KELMAR. Say does my daughter still exist?
GRIND. She do!
Not for Lothair—old boy, nor yet for you!
LOTHAIR *appears leading* CLAUDINE *from mill.*
KELMAR. You wouldn't harm my chee-ild?
GRIND. O, yes I would!
LOTH. (*discovering himself*) Behold!
GRIND. Lothair!
RAVINA. Bravo, extremly good!
(LOTHAIR *throws down the bridge*—CLAUDINE *rushes across it to* KELMAR—LOTHAIR *and* GRINDOFF *have a short fierce fight,* GRINDOFF *falls—Picture.*
KELMAR. That's settling matters in a manner proper.
(*to* GRINDOFF) You've played your game out, and we've won the *robber.*
GRIND. Stay, I repent. 'Tis ne'er too late to mend.
COUNT. Is your repentance genuine, my friend?
GRIND. Yes, for my crime I feel extreme contrition.
COUNT. Oh, then we'll pardon you on this condition,
That you at once commence an honest life.
CLAU. By yielding up his claims to me as wife.
GRIND. I do.
COUNT. Then all is well.
RAVINA. (*comes forward, humbly*) Far be't from me
To go for to destroy this harmony.
But there's one fact I think I ought to mention,
As worthy of your earliest attention,
Than in ten seconds, sir, your magazine's
Certain to blow you into smithereens.
(*a faint inocuous explosion takes place, supposed to blow the Characters up into the air—*(*Change of Scene to*)

THE STAR TERRACES.

COUNT. What's this place we've been blown to, that's the question?
KARL. May I take leave to offer a suggestion,
We may have been, but from surmise I speak,
Blown right into the middle of next week.

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RAVENA. A method of eccentric locomotion,
I always thought was an exploded notion.
CLAU. (*to* AUDIENCE) That we have been blown up sky-high is true,
Let us escape blowing up from you.
Satisfy us in our last elevation—
We haven't fallen in your estimation.
LOTH. Your smiles alone make our explosion tell—
We want that *hand-grin-aid* to go off well.
(*intimating applause.*
GRIND. The miller now retires, but ere he do,
He has the same *for-miller* to go through.
I ask *mille* pardons for my faults—you will
Not surely from a miller take '*em ill;*
And though we're open to the observation,
Our mealy food would bear *a-mealier-ration,*
However humble may our fare have been,
The dish on which 'twas served has ben kept clean.
Lend us, since we have all been up hill blowing,
Your favouring breath to set our mill a going.
We will be blown up nightly every one,
If you will let us *come down with a run.*

FINALE.—"Skidamalink."

GRIND. Public, we all have tried our best.
RAVINA. Each in his situation.
LOTH. Pray set our anxious fears at rest.
KELMAR. And calm our palpitation.
CLAU. Errors no doubt are here and there,
But still to pity lean now.
COUNT. Perfection you know's extremely rare,
And very seldom seen now.
KARL. Say if you think the drama'll do,
But lean on mercy's side oh!
Be generous!
Remember too
Our best we all have tried oh!
(ALL *repeat*) Say if you think, etc.

CURTAIN.

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